

## The Quaking Widow: Chapter 2

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Summary: here's the second chapter. i would love to hear from my reader, this is my first fanfic

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I was slightly less exhausted when she got out of the shower, but I'm in desperate need for some R&R. thinking about all the small projects that had backed up over the course of the mission, she had got very little time to train with her powers, which made her fear she might lose control, and then I realized the mission wasn't over. Their most recent operation was only to get intel on their target. Surely enough when I checked my phone to I an alert for another mission briefing. I dragged myself to central hub on the bus and waited. Everyone involved gathered together including Natasha who shot me a look that meant she knew something I didn't, which was pretty much all the time. Coulson cleared his throat and began to explain their latest operation.

"Apparently our suspect enjoys exotic dancers at a local gentlemen's club." Coulson continued about the suspect, "and it has become apparent that this guy enjoys a specific club at least once a week. The plan is to have an asset go undercover, distract the perp, and steal his phone. Natasha that's where you come in. The plan also requires that another agent goes undercover, get the phone of Natasha, and clone the data. Skye that's your assignment."

"Okay, but if Natasha's going to be a stripperâ€¦| exotic dancer how am I going to get the phone from her?"

"Well this establishment prides itself with be able to entertain members of the LGBT community, you'll be going in as a lesbian looking for 'entertainment' "

"preferably the sexy red-headed kind" Natasha while throwing me a devilish smirk the made my whole body tingle.

They kept talking but after Natasha's comment and sexy grin Skye's

brain short circuited and she couldn't focus.

Two days later they confirmed the suspect would be sewing his oats at his favorite club and their plan unfolded without a hitch. I sat in corner not too far but not too close to the stage. Deciding to play the part and order a drink. Dancer by dancer did their thing and were whisked away by men, women, or both. Then Natasha took the stage, my eyes almost bulged out of her head when I looked up to see up to see The Black Widow's newest uniform, or lack thereof. She was wearing a skintight, black leather corset with thin lace straps attached to a thin black collar. The corset had a long v-shaped slit down the middle that exposed enough cleavage to drive anyone crazy, the top ended at waist level and Natasha was wearing a black lace thong and a black garter belt that held up dark crimson stockings.

As Natasha danced Skye moved closer to the stage and the suspect. When Natasha finished and walked onto the floor to "advertise herself" the perp rushed to her almost instantly. Skye followed shortly after so she could be sure to get the phone off Natasha afterwards.

A few minutes passed and the man exited the private room along with the red-headed super spy who motioned Skye to follow her into the private room. I walked in and turned to Natasha.

"did you get his phone?"

"relax, you're supposed to have a good time in this room, the last guy certainly did," Natasha said with a sexy grin and wink as she handed Skye the phone.

I sat down and started to clone the guys phone. It finished in a few seconds and I got up to leave, but Natasha stood right in front of me and stopped me with a hand on my chest.

"Not so fast, you have to make this believable. The last guy lasted at least four minutes, so I'm going to turn on some music and until the first song ends we are going to have some fun!" Natasha emphasized the last part by shoving me back onto the small couch, turning around and bending over to turn on the music. The look she gave me made my skin burn and my already damp core started to get really wet.

Natasha had a natural sexiness of about seven but the way she turned her sex appeal all the way past 10 made my head roll. She didn't turn around after turning on the song, instead she crooked her head to the side to look at me. Then she started rub herself through her panties with one hand while squeezing and massaging her ass with the other. She stood slowly making sure to pull her hand across her voluptuous back side and tease her own thong to the side slightly. She turned around and started to massage her perfect breasts while swaying her hips, then she seductively slid her hands down her own torso and hooked her thumb in her thong. She pulled it forward and slid her other hand down her tight stomach under her panties and let out a moan that told me she had slipped a finger through her tight slit, she pulled her glistening fingers out and ran her juices across her upper half and then seductively pulled them into her own mouth. Natasha then got on all four and slowly began to crawl towards me, the heat and desire in her eyes nearly made me cum on the spot.

I am sure my underwear our already ruined by my own liquid excitement and my breathing has become more labored. my heart feels like it may explode and my whole body was on fire, but nothing matters except what Natasha does next.

The gorgeous red-headed agent pushed my legs apart with her head and stared to crawl on to the seat. She placed open mouthed kisses on my jean-clad knees and thighs stopping right at the apex of my legs. She then started to rub her nose and mouth up my torso as she placed her forearm against my throbbing heat. Natasha pushed her arm forward grinding it against me, causing me to stifle a moan. Natasha's ascent continued and she started to place open mouthed kisses along my still clothed cleavage. At this point I couldn't stop a strangled moan from escaping. Natasha lifted her arm, replacing it with her thigh, she placed both hands on either side of my face and forced me to look her in the face. Her lips where mere centimeters from mine when she licked my bottom lip and then ducked down to nuzzle my neck with her nose. She must have looked down to see my white-knuckled grip on the edge of the couch because she looked at me and smirked.

"Skye, you can touch me if you want to," she said in a husky lust laced voice.

Hearing her words did something to me. My hands shot to Natasha's hips and I started to rub up and down her side. Then I lifted my ass and forcefully pulled her towards me resulting in Natasha straddling me in a scissoring position. At that point I started to grind my hips against Natasha's thigh, I was moaning and whimpering her name when I felt her suck on my ear lobe.

"Cum for Skye, please, I want to hear you scream" she huskily whispered in my ear. She emphasized her statement by palming my denim covered pussy.

"ugh, Fuuucckk! Natasha, Fuck" I half screamed half pleaded. Feeling a powerful orgasm covering I grab Natasha's perfect face and pulled her in for a searing languid kiss. I opened my eyes to see that her wear still closed. She was breathing heavy, sweating, and her skin was flushed. That's when I realized that my thigh was grinding on her pussy the whole time. I buried my face in her neck.

"So beautiful," I mumbled against her skin as I moved toward her mostly bare chest.

"So fucking perfect" I said as I placed opened-mouthed kisses all over her exposed cleavage. Then I pushed my thumb against the top of her scantily clad cunt, sending her over the edge. My name slipped past her lip along with the cutest mewling sound. She collapsed against me and I closed my eyes, reveling in the feeling of her hot, sweaty body against mine. The song ending snapped me out of my daze and I realized what just happened. I tried to gently move Natasha and then practically ran out of the room and the club.

A few hours later the whole team was back at the base when Coulson decided he wanted to act on the new information.

"We learned of a meeting happening in a couple hours so I'm taking a team in. Natasha and Skye, you've both been taxed a lot with the past few missions. You two are sitting this one out to rest and relax."

I know I need the rest but I wish I was going on this mission, something to keep my mind off what happened between me and Natasha.

Around midnight, the team was gone and the base was almost empty I heard a knock on my door. I opened the door to find Natasha standing in a bath robe with wet hair.

"Can we talk?" she asked. This was the first time I had ever seen Natasha look nervous.

"Sure, come in." we both sat down on my bed and Natasha was starrng at the floor when she spoke.

"I want to apologize, I thought you were attracted to me and I got carried away, I umâ€¦"

"It's okay Nat, I was attracted to you, I still am. But I think we should stay professional."

"To finish what I was saying if you ever wanted to blow off some steam we could start a professional, mutually enjoyable, friends with benefits relationship, if you want to of course."

"are you serioâ€¦" My question was cut off by Natasha's lips

The kiss intensified to the point were she was trying to pull off my shirt. I started to steer the kiss and got us both to a standing position. Natasha immediately pushed me against the door, I managed to turn the tables and opened the door. I pushed her into the hallway and she whimpered when I broke the kiss.

"If this is ever going to happen, you're going to have to beg for it." I said as I closed the door.

End  
file.